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LIBERTARIANISM: AN ALTERNATIVE PROPOSAL

Fanatics and the morally bankrupt; those of the militant extreme and those who compromise their lives away: Is there no place in the world for an advocate of freedom and realism, concern for others and concern for self, for individual identity? The following is a statement of principle. It is broadly libertarian in its framework but also humanitarian and should be considered flexible. One should be wary of principles which are too vague or compromising, but also one should be wary of the overly smooth-sounding and clear-cut. Men are men and not machines, and one might hear the echo of marching feet in any philosophy, even a philosophy of freedom characterised by over-certainty and rigidity.

Policy Statement, International New Libertarian Union

(1) WARFARE — We consider the right to personal self-defense inalienable. We also consider it morally correct under certain circumstances for groups of individuals to associate, on a voluntary basis, for common defense. However we regard warfare as primarily a statist institution, an immoral substitute for peaceful trade and reasoned negotiation. From our perspective, we view the Vietnam War as the conflict of one statist sphere of influence with another such sphere of influence. While we fully recognize that there are varying degrees of statism, this situation, viewed in this way, seems ludicrous.

We regard conscription under any and all circumstances to be a form of involuntary servitude — slavery would not, in our view, be an overcharacterisation — and therefore immoral. It is relevant to note that this viewpoint extends to all forms of conscription, including non-military conscription. No cause, however admirable, justifies such servitude in its pursuit.

(2) PROPERTY AND TECHNOLOGICAL CIVILIZATION — We consider technology to have been in the past both bane and boon to mankind. Both potentials remain. Technological progress plays an integral role in mankind's destiny, and we feel that a positive influence may follow upon an astute conceptual approach which avoids the pitfalls of technocracy, environmental corruption and depersonalization, while bringing to man the benefits, obvious and otherwise, of scientific progress.

We do not share the libertarian view of property which makes a virtual fetish of it, advocating its primacy. Rather, we consider human rights — the right to individual liberty and personal self-expression — preeminent. We hold that there is a danger implicit in the cult of

property in that the concept of "free market justice" as a guarantee of non-abuse to the individual may tend to fall down in practical application. We do, however, uphold the essential importance of the right to own property and the desirability of a free market place, unrestricted by governmental imposition. We do not consider such imposition either just or wise.

We also uphold and strongly support the right of all workers to organize into voluntary associations and unions, and consider the right to strike a legitimate one. In practical terms we consider such associations, along with self-restraint and the inherent mechanics of the free market place, to be the legitimate means of guaranteeing economic justice, as opposed to statist interventionism. Such means would extend to the economic boycott, the marshalling of public opinion and the non-violent demonstration in the pursuit of justice in a non-interventionist (statist) society.

(3) SOCIETY AND THE INDIVIDUAL — We consider man to have a transcendent role in history which is implicit in, and may be deduced from natural reality. We hold that man, in order to best pursue his role as creator and recipient of knowledge, beauty and pleasure is best served by a system which promotes freedom of the individual and voluntary, as opposed to coercive, interpersonal associations.

Moral, philosophical and associational freedom should, in our view, be absolute. We consider these to be rights rather than "granted liberties". These rights are not amendable through any governmental procedure including direct or indirect democratic process. We hold, however, that these rights do not extend to acts of violence or force or to undue corruption of the natural environment which is, we hold, the obvious and inherent property of all.

The most desirable approach to government, we hold, is that the barest minimum possible should be mankind's goal. If no government at all were a realistic possibility, given man's actual as opposed to ideal nature, we would advocate the total abolition of the state. We consider a minimal state structure a realistic goal. We consider the total absence of the state structure unworkable and undesirable.

We consider militarism, social manipulation, most taxation and most economic regulation not to be legitimate areas of governmental concern. We consider the prevention of interpersonal violence, essential environmental regulation and certain "neutral" (universally beneficial, not actively or sufficiently pursued by non-governmental agencies — e.g. space; medicine) spheres of interest to be legitimate governmental functions. In

practical fact, under our proposed societal changes government would, for the most part, cease to exist. We are well aware of the dangerous growth potential of even the few residuals we have left, but feel that further limitations would themselves have gross potential for disaster.

(4) **LIFE, REASON AND IMMATERIALITY** — Freedom and human fulfillment cannot exist without life. We hold that the preservation and the extension of human life are sacred duties. We favour a rational and scientific approach to life with, however, the admonition that we also conscientiously maintain a humanistic perspective. As to the nature of the universe and the essential nature of man, we hold that definitive answers to these questions are not available, but that such questions are subject to the same disciplined scientific inquiry as are other questions.

SOME CONCEPTS TO BE WARY OF

Any assertion that instinct is non-existent in humans would seem highly questionable in light of even the youngest infant's awareness of the proper method for obtaining nourishment from its mother's breasts, or the instinctive inclination towards sexuality exhibited by the pubescent child regardless of upbringing. Then, too, man's biological descent from lower forms of animal life which function on an instinctive level would seem to suggest by implication that, as there is no biological discontinuity between man and his predecessors, humans possess some of the same instinctual attributes as do their fellow animals.

Any assertion that there is a trend towards freedom and rationality in human history would be myopic without reasonable reference to at least two existing counter-trends also in evidence. In one instance we see a trend towards ever more refined capacities for control of the individual by totalitarians. The crude authority of the primitive leader over his tribe is as nothing when compared to modern techniques of mind control. We have proceeded from the earliest brute force, through crude loyalties to the present sophisticated techniques for mental manipulation. In yet another instance we note man's increasing capacity for self-destruction which could disrupt, or even quite conceivably bring to a final end, any long range positive trends.

Be wary, too, of any philosophy which tends to foster in its adherents an alienation from the unique and valuable human ability to relate on an emotional level.

At the same time one should avoid the pitfalls of closed mindedness and rejection of discussion, on the

grounds that one has "proven" one's position correct. To validate such a position one must possess a foolproof knowledge of the laws of human behavior. Such knowledge is perhaps not available to us, but even if it were man, having a finite mind does not have an infinite capacity for conceptualization and hence is subject to misinterpretation, even gross misinterpretation of data. The door may therefore not justifiably be closed on alternative viewpoints.

OUTLAWS

By Allen H. Greenfield

Screaming sirens, noises swirl
Welcome to my gray-black world.
We were born here, here we'll die;
Life beneath a gray-black sky.

Empty faces down below
Blankly moving, see the show.
No hope to hold to, none to give
Call it: "Where the people live."

Across Tenth Street, just beyond what used to be "The Strip" the man found one of the small and unobtrusive bars that he had become fond of frequenting in recent years.

A few hours before he had been lying in a gutter off Peachtree Street. A couple, bound for an early morning appointment, chanced to pass him. "What's wrong with that man?" she asked. "He's a hippie, Margaret, don't you remember? You know — from the 60's....long hair, all that." "Oh," she said, not remembering at all.

Trying to shake the noise out of his ears; the noise which seemed to get harder and harder to shake as the years passed, he entered the bar and sat himself down on a stool located near the extreme left-hand side out of the sunlight streaming through the windows behind him.

Two men, obviously regulars at the place, were sitting in a booth on the far side, near an old juke box. They appeared transfixed by some sort of wooden puzzle they were attempting to work, puzzles being the national fad that year. Other than those two, the bar appeared deserted.

Out of a door behind the bar walked a man, wiping a glass with a yellowed towel; obviously the bartender. He glanced up at the man, back at the glass, and then, with the predictable double take, looked back at the man more intently.

After the usual no-longer-embarrassing silence he asked, as tradition demands, "What'llitbe buddy?" The man, with a wry smile, ordered his usual.

"So." The bartender said, placing the drink down. "You know, buddy, you're the first hippie I've seen in—god—how long? Maybe five years. Where'd you crawl out of?"

The man smiled again, painfully. Usually he'd have said nothing, but today the buzzing in his head was very strong and he'd slept very little in that gutter and he was tired but he felt like talking. So, he talked.

"I think, maybe, I think I'm the last one." He grimaced involuntarily.

"Yep, last of my kind. There were less and less of us during the seventies, but I don't think we were too aware of it, not then.... You, all of you'd pushed us so tightly together that we became almost totally self-contained inside our own little reality. We'd live around each other, look around, and see only others of our own kind, thinking, looking and acting as we did.

"I think it must've been 1975 or 1976 when I began to really realize that there really weren't very many of us left. Others started to see this too, even some of the really spaced out ones.

"Some of us got busted and some just drifted away. I don't really know what happened. All I do know is that one day I woke up and I was the only freak on the strip. I had a desperate compulsion to run, to go home, to do something to get out of this scene. But something, I don't even know now what it was, held me back. I was scared, really bone scared of being alone. But I guess I was more scared of something else, something I can't quite articulate."

"What is this crud? Man, this kinda stuff—you know?—it should be taught under an ancient gnarled oak tree on a summery day; not here. Not here in this cardboard-walled mausoleum you call a university."
The man got up and walked out.

The man paused momentarily, seeming to stare at something not present.

"You on something pal?" the bartender asked, eyebrows raised.

The man seemed to come back into focus, but not to understand the question.

"Oh." He said at last, really laughing for the first time in many days. "You mean drugs. I haven't even seen anything in years. No market for them, I guess. Too easy to get it from a doctor; too easy to get this crap." He tapped his glass, and the smile faded.

"I don't know when I started drinking. Somewhere I took my first, felt a little less lonely, and took another. And here I am, 42 years old, a gutter-sleeping drunk with long hair and a one-way ticket to nowhere."

He massaged his temples thoughtfully. "Forty-two. Forty-two years old. Sweet Jesus, I'm forty-two years old, and I've been an outlaw for more than half that time. God, I'm tired."

For a minute the bartender said nothing. He had listened to the man impassively, betraying neither hostility nor overt sympathy. Yet, in truth, he seemed somehow not indifferent, either.

He asked the man, "In the old days the longhair crowd got pushed around quite a bit by everybody else. You still get that kind of thing?"

The man looked back at the bartender closely.

"No, not any more. I guess after awhile people just stopped thinking about us. Out of sight...you know.

"But," he eyed him again, "you seem to remember quite a bit about us, a group of people pretty well forgotten now. How come?"

The bartender seemed embarrassed. Staring at the floor, he mumbled something inaudible, something about brothers.

"How's that?" the man asked. The bartender looked up.

"I said," he said, "we were once brothers."

VOYAGE

By Allen H. Greenfield

Taking a quick look up and down Piedmont, he rounded the corner and, crossing the street, stole silently into the park.

"Pssssttt! Hey, Levi! Over here." It was Katzman. It must be Katzman, he thought — but said

nothing until the fist-like wave of fear clutching his heart subsided. Then he managed to speak, half croaking, half whispering: "Katzman? That you? Katzman? Where the hell are you?"

"Down here." Katzman was standing in a heavily wooded area directly off the paved road near the North end of the park. Levi squinted in the general direction of the disembodied voice. "Who's that with you?"

"Don't be so jumpy, Steve. This here's Sandy Goldner from Augusta. He's come up here to help you."

I stepped forward out of the shadows, as far as I dared, and let Levi get a look at me, as best he could, in the semi-overcast moonlight. "That's right; I'm Sandy Goldner, the JFF man for central Georgia. You'd better start trusting me right now Steve-baby 'cause if anybody's gonna get you out of this god-forsaken country, it's gonna be me."

After another moment's hesitation, he seemed to decide it was ok, or, at least, that it was now-or-never. In any case, he stepped off the road and, half tripping on the steep embankment, joined us in our relatively inconspicuous position among the trees.

He eyed me again, and for the first time I realized just how agitated and frightened the man was. On close inspection he looked to be about fifty or fifty-five years of age. He was dressed in what must have once been a three hundred dollar suit complete with vest (several buttons were now missing). The fit of his clothes suggested that he must have once been quite rotund. Now he, as with all of the affluent Jews, was paying more heavily the price of the Cataclysm than most.

He mopped his profusely perspiring brow. "How did you get all the way to Atlanta from Augusta? What with all the checkpoints, patrols, all the ——"

I waved him off impatiently. "Never mind that. I didn't exactly come up on the Interstate. We have our ways. As I came to Atlanta, so will I get you to Savannah and out of the country."

"Then I'm not to go by plane?"

Oh shit, I thought. How utterly naive can they be? Even at this stage of the game. "No, Mr. Steven R. Levi, you're not going by plane! When was the last time you were at the Atlanta Airport? Before the Cataclysm, I'll bet!"

He nodded self-consciously.

"Well, this isn't 1970 and there aren't any more pleasure flights to Europe — not for us, Mr. Levi. They check out there constantly, baggage and passengers — everything. You get caught out there and b-a-n-g; they send you right to Reidsville."

"And from there they send you straight to hell."

Both Levi and I turned to look at Katzman. For a moment I wondered at the unaccustomed vehemence of his words — until I remembered that his wife and two sons had all, as they say, "moved to the country".

Quickly I moved back to business. "OK, Levi, you trust me or you don't. If you want to play ball, I'll meet you tomorrow night at Northside Drive and Peachtree Battle. Leave your car a block or so away. I'll pick you up —"

I stopped. He had a strange, rather pained expression on his face.

"What's with you now, Levi?"

"That place — that Peachtree Battle and Northside..."

"Yeah, what about it?"

"That's right across from where my old shul used to be. Before '76. Before the Cataclysm. Why, they didn't close the old AA down until, uh, around March, 1978. I can remember one year during Passover — they had a community seder ever year, y'know — I remember ——"

I again waved him to silence. "Forget about all that. It's that corner or nowhere. It's already been arranged, so take it or leave it. 9:00 PM. No later. I'll be driving a '74 Chevy pickup truck. Don't miss me. There'll be no second chance, and I won't circle the block. One pass — that's it."

For a moment I thought I saw anger in his eyes, but he only muttered, looking at his feet, "I'll be there."

The only working street light was well across from where Levi was standing. Seeing no signs of anything being amiss, I tapped Harry on the shoulder and he edged the truck down Northside towards the rendezvous point. As we inched closer, I saw that Levi was virtually surrounded with luggage of various and sundry kinds.

Oh, Christ, I thought.

Levi saw us and came up on my side.

"'lo." He said. "I've brought with me a few—"

"Forget it and get in!" I hissed savagely, opening the door and making room for him. "Get in or beat it! Now!"

No hesitation. He must've half-expected my reaction. With a sigh he climbed in and we shot off up the 'Battle, onto Moores Mill and out of Atlanta.

Savannah, Georgia

"Phillips," I yelled, "get your fat behind in here."

The waddling gray form of Max Phillips loomed like an enormous outcropping of gelatinous granite — whatever that is — in the doorway of the cubicle that passed for my office.

"Phillips," I repeated, waving a slip of paper under his bulbous nose, "I have here a wire from the Atlanta Bureau indicating that they suspect another Goldburg is coming down the pike sometime in the next few days."

"So?" Max seemed perplexed. "What of it? There's always a 'burg or two trying to sneak on a freighter."

"Yeah, Max, but this one here's special. Seems that Atlanta thinks he's being guided by one of the big-wigs in the Goldburg Export Committee."

"The what?"

"The Illegal Emmigration Organization, idiot."

"Oh. Them." He smiled dully at my attempt at humor. In those days it was still fashionable to talk about the Ethnic Control Agency and its business in round about language even within the Agency itself.

"We've been instructed to go on full alert, effective immediately. I want you to have every goon, every stringer, every tap available up for this one. Let me know just as soon as you hear something — anything.

"Now, get cracking!"

He did.

That day, a Sunday, as I recall, I heard nothing.

On Monday I heard nothing.

On Tuesday Max came into my office with a sly grin all over his face.

"Got something for you boss."

"Well? What?"

"We got a lead on this big-shot 'burg."

He paused, seemingly in expectation of some comment on my part. Impatiently I said, "Well? Go on!"

"It seems this joker and his friend are holed up downtown somewhere, maybe in one of the old hotels, I dunno."

I made a face and he hastily went on, saying, "But wait, boss! There's more."

"I also got it from one of my most reliable taps that this guy's shipping out with his boy in tow on one of the ships going out tonight. That'd be the Liberian freighter Lincoln or the British tanker Spencer Williamson."

"What!" I exploded.

"Don't you know that the Lincoln sails at eight and the Williamson at nine? Christ, man, do you know what time it is?"

He seemed duly alarmed at my perturbation.

"Sure, boss, sure. You want me to alert the police. Get the ———"

"No! No! No!" I yelled at him. "Don't be a fool. Do you want to attract all kinds of attention? Take your special squad and hit those ships as fast as you can."

"But boss. With my crew I can only hit one ship at a time."

"Right. So get cracking. It's five now. Hit the Lincoln first and the British tub second. Call me immediately after you hit each ship. Go to it!"

He went;

At 5:30 my phone failed to ring.

At 6:00 my phone was silent.

At 6:30 I began pacing.

At 7:00 it exploded like a fire alarm in hell. I grabbed for it.

"Well?"

"Nothing. On to Williamson."

Click.

At 7:01 I made my phone call.

"Lincoln checked." I said tersely. "You've got less

than an hour." I heard the line disconnect without a word having been said on the other end of the line.

At 7:34 the phone rang again.

I answered.

"Phillips. I checked Williamson." He sounded glum.

"Well?"

"We really went over it with a fine tooth comb, boss. Really.

"WELL?"

"Nothing, boss. My tap must've been off his rocker."

I slammed the phone down on the receiver.

And smiled.

At 8:03 PM the Liberian freighter Abraham Lincoln set sail for home, for Africa. It was 330 pounds overweight.

A Report On Conventions: June, 1972

In June, 1972 my wife Barbara and I set out for conventions dealing with sf and ufos. We hit two sf cons, Tri-clave in Johnson City, Tennessee and Mid America Con in Kansas City. The two ufo cons we attended were the Midwest UFO Conference in Quincy, Illinois and The Congress of Scientific UFOlogists (National UFO Conference) in Logansport, Indiana.

Triclave was first on our agenda. A goodly turn-out of southern fans was present including Meade and Penny Frierson (without their kids), Irvin Koch, H. Riggs Johnson, Dany and Mary Frolich and others. In addition to the various fans present Keith Laumer, Andy Offett and Kelly Freas were there from the pro set. The con took place at the Broadway Motel in Johnson City.

Our next convention stop was Kansas City, site of the first Mid America Con. Both James Gunn and P.J. Farmer were in attendance. Fans present included Ken Keller, artist Herb Arnold,

and the Friersons, this time with their kids, and others. On the first night an unusual-and excellent-free jazz band played in one room while Forbidden Planet was shown in another. I can't give you a first-person report on the rest of the con because Barbara and I had to hit the road again the next day in order to make it in time to our next convention, this one in Quincy, Illinois.

The Third Annual Midwest UFO Conference was quite successful, as had been the previous conference in the series which I had attended last year in St. Louis.

Present were John Schuessler, Walt Andrus, August C. Roberts, Keitha Fish, Keitha Hewes and Tony Kimery. Speakers included Dr. David Saunders, author Brad Steiger and Mr. Ted Phillips.

We found this convention both interesting and constructive, an informative encounter with the ufo subject.

Our final June convention was the Ninth Annual Congress of Scientific UFOlogists, held in Logansport, Indiana. Delegates from Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia and Georgia were present. Efforts to revamp the Congress were successful, including the selection of a new convention name, the National UFO Conference. Convention Chairman Gary Elvers characterized the relationship of the news media with the convention as being one of "extreme interest" on the part of the media. Newly elected Permanent Organizing Committee Chairman James W. Moseley conducted the closed sessions most commendably.

At the first closed session a proposal to establish useful liaison with professional scientists actively involved in ufo research was passed and a list of those who wished to participate was gathered. The Annual Robert Loftin Memorial Award was given to Allen H. Greenfield, editor of the Owlexandrian Initiate. Sighting reports were discussed.

At the second formal closed session it was decided that Atlanta, Georgia would be the site of the next convention.

The delegate turn-out was rather good, numbering about seventeen persons. The public session, held at the city's YM-YWCA drew a crowd of over one hundred people.